

Chapter 1: The Untold Beginning

What you don't know is what truly happened at the end of the last part. The two brothers—Hayato and Hishashi—who had died, were inexplicably revived on May 20, 2021. They traveled to Tokyo with a sinister plan: to transform a thousand people into zombies, dividing their forces equally with Hayato commanding 500 and Hishashi controlling the other 500. Their goal was to ignite a massive zombie uprising, triggering chaos through organized fights between the infected.

Meanwhile, Shravan, Aban, and I received a prestigious invitation to the Tokyo Olympics. Our flight was scheduled aboard ANA Airlines, departing at 5 PM. But at 10 PM, as we were cruising through the skies, an eerie St. Elmo's fire phenomenon suddenly ignited, striking the aircraft. The mysterious electrical storm caused chaos on board—resulting in two fatalities and leaving seven passengers seriously injured in premium economy and economy sections.

The pilot was forced to make an emergency landing at Incheon International Airport in South Korea. Upon landing, I immediately joined the investigation team to uncover the cause behind this strange incident. Shravan and Aban, following my orders, took a connecting flight to Tokyo via Seoul on Asiana Airlines, pressing forward with their Olympic commitments.

At Incheon, I met with an old acquaintance and trusted ally, Dr. Kobe—whom I had met back in Dubai in November 2020 during a difficult time when India had just lost the Cricket World Cup Final to South Africa. He had been a source of strength during my struggle with depression then, and now we reunited for a greater purpose: to save as many innocent lives as possible from this emerging crisis.

Our efforts bore fruit as we managed to contain the outbreak temporarily. But on August 5, Hayato and Hishashi struck again, ruthlessly killing 37 people. Despite the tragedy, our team was able to restore the majority of those affected through intensive medical intervention and containment strategies.

On August 8, we traveled to the Saitama Stadium for the highly anticipated Olympic boxing final, where Aban faced off against the United States' top boxer. With exceptional skill and determination, Aban emerged as the champion, securing the gold medal for India.

We returned to India on August 10, where both the Prime Ministers of Japan and India honored us with a special ceremony at Rashtrapati Bhavan. There, Shravan, Aban, and I were bestowed the prestigious Padma Shri awards in recognition of our bravery, dedication, and service during the crisis.

Following the ceremony, we attended a high-level meeting to discuss the ongoing threat and future preventive measures. Feeling a deep sense of pride and accomplishment, we resumed our duties with renewed vigor—trying, as best we could, to put our nightmares behind us. Yet, the reality of the looming threat never truly left our minds.

Chapter 2: Attack on the Embassy of India-Germany, Berlin

February 6, 2024—a day that was supposed to be a celebration—turned into a national tragedy. The Embassy of India in Berlin, Germany, was marking her birthday. The ambassador, **Yashika Charchil**, was vibrant and joyful, radiating the same energy and discipline that had defined her decades-long career in foreign diplomacy. As a former Counsel-General of Germany and now the official Indian Ambassador to Berlin, her dedication was unparalleled.

But lurking in the shadows of history, a dark force was assembling.

After the failed Tokyo incident of 2021, **Hishashi** had returned stronger, forging alliances with the undead and the unrepentant. He revived his sibling **Kyotoa** (formerly Hayato)—but now stripped of brotherhood and fueled solely by vengeance. To escalate their terror, they sought one final, terrifying ally: **Adolf Hitler**.

A Glimpse into Hitler's Return

Adolf Hitler, born in 1889, was the infamous dictator who led Nazi Germany from 1933 to 1945. Through fear, propaganda, and war, he manipulated the entire German state, incited World War II, and orchestrated the Holocaust—a genocide that took millions of innocent lives. After his supposed death in 1945, legends and conspiracy theories lingered about his survival. But in this twisted story, dark science and necromancy brought him back—more dangerous, more controlled, and more strategic than ever before.

Berlin, February 6, 2024 - 5:02 PM

Yashika had just finished a long but fulfilling day at the embassy. Several foreign dignitaries had called to congratulate her. Despite the pressure of protocol, she felt invigorated.

"Another day, another mission for peace," she smiled, tightening her coat as she left the Ambassadorate Building. Her chauffeur opened the car door. **"Take me to Munich. I want to surprise the minister myself tonight."**

As the car merged onto the snowy streets of Berlin, a black van began trailing quietly. Inside sat Hitler, Kyotoa, and Hishashi—faces cold, expressions cruel.

"Now. We strike. The soul of diplomacy must fall," Hitler commanded.

Suddenly, the van swerved ahead, blocking the car's path. In one swift motion, masked assailants shattered the car windows. Yashika screamed as her face was beaten, the glass cutting into her skin.

"She must not see Munich alive," hissed Kyotoa.

Despite the cries of nearby civilians and guards rushing from the embassy, the assault was too quick. In the chaos, the car spun violently, crashing into the remnants of the **Berlin Wall**, its right side crushed completely.

Paramedics rushed to the scene. Blood stained the snow. Her pulse was weak.

"We're losing her! Move!" shouted a paramedic.

She was loaded into the ambulance and rushed toward Accident Hospital, Berlin. But fate was merciless—**Yashika Charchil succumbed to her injuries before reaching the hospital gates.**

February 7, 2024 - 9:08 AM

Central Secretariat, New Delhi

The morning air was still. At the Central Secretariat, a tense silence filled the corridors.

Then came the breaking news on national television.

AAJ TAK Journalist:

"We have deeply disturbing news to report. At 9:08 AM IST, we confirm the tragic death of Yashika Charchil, the Ambassador of India to Germany. She was attacked in Berlin under mysterious and violent circumstances. The Government of India has declared national mourning."

The shockwave was instant.

In the high-security NITI Aayog building, **Dr. Alwin Kumar Charchil**, her younger brother and current Adviser on Health & Nutrition, watched in disbelief. He froze—eyes wide, hands trembling.

"No... no, it can't be. Yashika... my sister..." he whispered. Seconds later, he collapsed with a severe hypertensive episode.

"Emergency! Get the medical team now!" someone yelled as Alwin was laid onto a couch, oxygen administered.

We were all there within minutes. I stood beside **Shravan Dev, Aban, Dr. Lakshay Patel, Lt. General Pravansh**, and **Divya Burdak**. The room turned from mourning into crisis mode.

The Emergency Meeting

Location: War Room, South Block

Time: 10:15 AM IST

Attendees:

- Myself (Deputy National Security Advisor)
- Shravan Dev (Sports Minister)
- Aban (Captain, Indian Boxing Team)
- Dr. Lakshay Patel (Health Minister)
- Divya Burdak (Finance Minister)
- Lt. General Pravansh (Chief of Army Staff)
- Shloka Mittal (Urban & Rural Housing Minister)
- Dr. Alwin Kumar Charchil (Adviser of Health in NITI Aayog)
- Harsh Patel (Foreign Affairs Adviser to PMO)
- Prime Minister (via Secure Video Call)

Me: “We’ve lost more than an ambassador. We’ve lost the mind that negotiated peace during post-war tremors in Europe. This isn’t just an accident. This is war.”

Lt. General Pravansh: “It’s coordinated. The Tokyo event, now Berlin. The enemy has evolved.”

Harsh Patel: “And Hitler... I studied him during my IFS days in D.C. and ITU. If they have him, they don’t just want blood—they want symbolism. They’re trying to resurrect fascist terror in modern form.”

PM: “Then prepare the counter-strike. Activate global coordination. And bring those murderers to justice—**alive or dead.**”

The room fell silent. We had entered a new war—this time, against the walking dead and the ghosts of dictators past.

Chapter 3: DB Railway Attack

The date was **7 February 2024**. A routine evening at **Berlin Hauptbahnhof (Central Terminal)** was suddenly disrupted by events that no one could have predicted.

Among the crowd was **Dietrich Scott**, a prominent German businessman and a regional director at **Bosch**, who was scheduled to travel to Paris aboard the **DB ICE 9590 high-speed train**. The train, originally expected at **7:09 PM**, had been delayed to **7:30 PM** due to technical inspections on the tracks. Mildly frustrated, Dietrich decided to grab a fresh juice from a nearby vending stall inside the terminal to pass the time.

As he walked toward the kiosk, three seemingly ordinary men started trailing him. They were dressed casually, blending in with the rest of the travelers. The trio introduced themselves in an oddly animated and invasive manner:

“I’m Der,”

“I’m Hoyata,”

“And I’m Dekisugi.”

Their sudden intrusion and mocking tone unsettled Dietrich. They laughed eerily, blocking his path and whispering cryptic phrases like, *“You can’t run from fate”* and *“Death travels faster than this train.”* He tried to shake them off, pulling out his phone to report the disturbance to the **DB Railway Police**. But just as he was about to dial, the three men vanished—without a trace.

Confused but relieved, Dietrich shrugged it off. *“I must be tired,”* he muttered to himself, shaking his head. He abandoned the call, bought his juice, and proceeded to board the **ICE 9590** as it pulled into the platform at 7:28 PM.

Taking his assigned **Window Seat 32 in Coach 3B**, he settled in, stretching his legs and glancing out the window. But within **moments**—just as the train prepared for departure—a **deafening explosion** rocked the platform.

The **ICE 9590 erupted into flames**, engulfed in a fiery blast that reduced several coaches to ashes within seconds.

The station plunged into chaos. Screams filled the air as travelers fled in every direction. Emergency alarms blared, smoke spiraled into the Berlin skyline, and sirens wailed in the distance. The **blast killed Dietrich instantly**, his body consumed by the explosion. **Berlin Terminal 1 suffered mild structural damage**, but the psychological trauma inflicted was immeasurable.

Just as rescue teams and DB police began sealing off the area, across the skies of Europe, we were mid-air on **separate connecting flights** to Germany. I was aboard **Air India Flight AI-121**, headed to **Frankfurt**, while **Dr. Lakshay Patel, Shloka Mittal**, and a few others were aboard a **Lufthansa flight** en route to **Berlin**.

At cruising altitude, I leaned back at the window seat, discussing security reforms and Yashika's tragic death with Dr. Lakshay and Shloka.

Me: "Lakshay, how far do you think these attacks can go? Yashika was just the start. This feels... deeper."

Dr. Lakshay: (staring blankly out the window) "We're not dealing with ordinary criminals. The timing, the symbolism... this is a coordinated ideological war."

Shloka Mittal: (firmly, tapping her tablet) "We need to think beyond protocols. It's time we anticipate them, not just react. Yashika wouldn't have wanted us to stay silent."

Suddenly, the pilot's voice crackled over the announcement system on both flights:

"This is your captain. We've just been informed of an explosion at Berlin Hauptbahnhof involving ICE 9590. The situation is being investigated. All passengers are safe, but connecting routes to Berlin may face delays."

The words hit us like a dagger. Another attack. Another life lost. And perhaps another sign that the chaos wasn't ending—it was escalating. Our flight schedules were immediately updated. **Lufthansa's Berlin-bound flight was redirected to Leipzig**, and **Air India would land in Frankfurt as planned**. I tightened my seatbelt and clenched the armrest, turning to Lakshay.

Me: "They're escalating. From diplomats to civilians. Next, they'll go after the infrastructure... the very nerves of international order."

Dr. Lakshay: (nodding) "We need to reach Berlin. Fast."

The war had just entered its second phase. And this time, **we knew the enemy wasn't just shadowy figures**—it was ideology armed with vengeance.

Chapter 4: The Sharpshooting on Air India A350-900

1:30pm at IGI Terminal-3 at Airport Lounge

Announcement: Krpya dhyani dijiye, Air India A350-900 ko technical issues ke karan dhaai(2:30pm) me udaan bhaadegi Hamari puri Aeronautical Engineer Team koshish kar rahi hai ki plane jald se jald thik ho jaaye, aapki asuvidhaa ke liye hame khet hai. Your kind attention plz, due to Air India A350-900 technical issues, it would depart at T-3 at sharp 2:30pm,

our Aeronautical Engineer is trying their efforts to repair Air India A350-900, we're apologize for your inconvenience.

Me: Arrey yaar! Plane delay ho gai!

Shloka: Kya Navdeep Ji! Aapne to kaha that Air India kabhi delay nahi hoti

Me: Par Shloka! Mai Thodi plane udaa raa hu, isme meri galti kya hai

Dr. Lakshay: Sahi baat hai! Par Navdeep , is baar toh aa jayegi naa!

Me: Haan mere bhai! Aa Jayegi

2:30pm, IGI Terminal-3, Palam, New Delhi

After a one-hour delay, we 8 had boarded the Air India A350-900 and finally took off from New Delhi's Terminal 3 at 2:30 pm. The announcement had calmly informed all passengers of the new departure time.

I was seated by the window, chatting in Hindi with Dr. Lakshay Patel and Shloka Mittal. Everything seemed normal—the air hostesses were moving through the aisles, taking food orders, and the atmosphere was relaxed as we enjoyed lunch.

Me: “Lakshay! Yeh Flight thodi der kar di, par chalo, finally aaram to mil gaya’

Lakshay: “Aur kya! Agar yeh Aeronautical Engineering ne thodi der bhi ki hoti toh ab tak kitne logo ki jaan chali jaati”

Shloka: “Lakshay! Yeh tum kya kah rae ho! Shubh Shubh bolo”

Lakshay: “Sorry!”

Me: Vaise! Shloka! Kaisi ho tum!

Shloka: Mai toh thik hun ! Aap apna bataiye?

Me: Kya ‘bataiye’ Shloka Ji? Kitne murders ho rahe hai, ek meri puraani dost ka murder ho gaya , aur ab vo Bosch ka businessman, jiska tool mere paas hai, vah hi khud khoon ka tool ban gaya

Shloka: Aapki baat sahi hai Navdeep Ji! Par ek Second, Yashika aapki purani dost thi?

Me: Yashika nahi! ‘Yashika didi’ kahiye, vah toh aisi insaan thi, jisko dekhkhe unko jara saa bhi gussa nahi kar sakta, vah toh sabse acchi insaan thi

Shloka: Oh! Thik hai mai toh so rahi hu

Navdeep: Ok!

Suddenly, at around 6 pm, when the plane was cruising near Nuremberg, chaos erupted. Shloka suddenly screamed, clutching her left leg in severe pain. Dr. Lakshay also showed signs of injury, but I managed to stay calm. Before I could react more, a shocking blast ripped through the plane. Thirty-four passengers died instantly in the fiery explosion.

The culprit was a German man onboard—the same man who had poisoned Senior Captain Ashok Singhal, the pilot. The co-pilot was incapacitated, and the flight was out of control. I knew I had to act. Thanks to my experience with flight simulators, I took control and managed an emergency landing at Nuremberg International Airport.

Emergency services including German Police, the Aviation Force, aeronautical engineers, GRPF, fire brigades, and ambulance teams were waiting at Terminal 3, Leipzig. Despite the chaos, I managed to keep the remaining passengers safe.

However, during the commotion, I noticed the attacker had a knife. Acting swiftly, I lunged towards him and wrestled the knife away. Unfortunately, in the struggle, Divya Burdak was injured in her right arm. But I ensured no one else got hurt.

As people started congratulating me, I humbly said, “Yeh mera farz tha. Main pilot nahi hoon, bas flight simulators chalata hoon. Hero banane ki zarurat nahi.”

Just then, German police approached and handcuffed me. After I Landed Nuremburg

Police Officer: “You are under arrest for possession of the captain’s weapon and for your involvement in this incident.”

Me: “Officer, please listen! I am DNSA of India. I did this only to save lives. I have no intention of harming anyone.”

Police Officer: “That’s not your call to make. You had the weapon in your possession. You are a suspect now.”

Me: “I took the knife to protect the passengers. If I hadn’t acted, many would have died. Please check the CCTV and ask the crew and passengers. They will confirm I’m telling the truth.”

Police Officer: “Your status doesn’t exempt you from investigation. You will come with us.”

I tried to reason calmly, but they did not listen. Frustrated by the injustice, I slapped one of the officers.

Police Officer: “How dare you assault a police officer! You will face charges for this too!”

The police tightened security around me and took me into custody.

Before leaving, I said firmly, “Don’t worry. I will return soon. Focus on catching the real killer. Stay safe and don’t cry for me. If I hadn’t acted, what would I be scared of?”

The German and Indian authorities decided to bring both me and the attacker to the Supreme Court of India. The Foreign Minister and the Home Minister of Germany accompanied us during the transfer via IGI Airport. The investigation would continue with some victims hospitalized and experts at the Germany Civil Aviation Investigation Center analyzing the case.

Chapter 5: The Plane, Railways and Car Investigations — And the Massacre at Yashobhoomi Sector-25

The team of nine had now split into three groups after the horrifying Air India A350-900 sharpshooting incident and the blast at Berlin Terminal. Each team had their mission — to trace the origin of attacks across air, rail, and road.

□ The Separation and Shravan-Aban’s Return

Shravan and Aban, despite their injuries being minor, were under pressure. Their passports were set to expire by the next afternoon. Harsh, the team leader, looked at them with seriousness and said:

Harsh (in Hindi):

"Tum dono seedha Yashobhoomi chalo. Passport renew karwana zaroori hai. Agar koi emergency ho, message karna mat bhoolna."

Aban nodded, looking concerned:

"Bas yaar Harsh, lagta hai kuch toh galat hone wala hai."

Shravan, half-smiling:

"Tension mat le bhai, India wapas ja rahe hain. Wahi toh ghar hai."

They boarded the **Air India A350-1000** from Frankfurt at 8:00 PM and landed in New Delhi by 4:00 AM on 9th February. After a quick chai at the airport terminal, they took the **Delhi Metro's Airport Express Line**, heading to **Yashobhoomi Sector-25**.

□ **Arrival at Yashobhoomi: A Trap Unfolds**

The duo reached **Yashobhoomi Convention Centre** by 6:15 AM. A **LED exhibition** was running in Hall B — an event showcasing India's tech and defence advancements. People buzzed with excitement. Just beside it was the **Passport Renewal Office**, clean and modern.

But unknown to them, an invisible clock was ticking.

As their metro had just left from the platform, a **battery overheating system in the rear coach exploded**, blasting into flames. The loud explosion rocked the station.

BOOM! □

Smoke filled the metro terminal. Bodies lay scattered. Over **30 people** were declared dead on the spot.

Amidst the chaos, a man in black coat and cap, holding a modified **Kalashnikov**, opened fire from the elevated entrance balcony.

It was Chen Liu — the transformed identity of Hitler.

"□□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□□ □□!" he shouted, in a terrifying tone.

Aban tried to run forward to push a woman out of the way, but a bullet pierced his chest.

Shravan screamed:

"ABAN! NAHIIII!!!" but he, too, was shot twice.

They both fell — brothers in arms, fallen by terror, not war.

People screamed. Blood ran over the marbled floor.

Security forces retaliated but were unprepared. Chen Liu escaped through the fire exit in disguise.

□ **Meanwhile: Plane, Railways and Car Investigations**

Harsh and Shloka were sitting with the Directorate General of Civil Aviation at Frankfurt, analysing black box data of the Air India flight. The lead engineer looked tense.

Engineer:

"There's a software injection... foreign code, possibly drone-assisted disruption of the autopilot system."

Shloka:

"How could Captain Thomas inject code into a flight system without backup override?"

Harsh (in Hindi):

"Ya toh kisi ne usse andar se support kiya hai... ya system khud compromised hai."

Lt. General Pravansh and **Dr. Lakshay** were already in Berlin, reviewing the **DB Railway Blast**. A recovered surveillance clip showed something chilling: a timer device was activated remotely from a mobile with a Taiwanese carrier code.

Lakshay:

"Who has the guts to do this on German soil?"

Pravansh:

"Yeh sirf amateur nahi hai... it's a multi-national terror web. We need to link this with Tokyo and Delhi."

Dr. Alwin and **Divya** sat in Munich's Auto Intelligence Centre, examining Yashika's damaged car. Forensic reports shocked them:

Alwin (reading):

"Break system disabled. Windshield forced — but how? External device input, not natural crash."

Divya (angrily):

"Yashika accident mei nahi mari thi. Kisi ne uska assassination kiya hai."

Alwin clenched his fists. Tears filled his eyes again.

"Yeh sab kaun kar raha hai? Who's orchestrating this?"

📞 **The Emergency Call**

At 7:48 AM, just minutes after the Yashobhoomi massacre, Harsh received a call on his encrypted satellite line.

"Harsh, Shravan and Aban are dead..." the voice whispered. It was the Special Commissioner of Delhi.

Harsh froze.

"Nahi... Yeh nahi ho sakta..."

He fell silent. Everyone stared at him.

Shloka:

"What happened?"

He whispered:

"We've lost them... Shravan and Aban are no more..."

🔍 **The Revelation: Two Pieces of the Puzzle**

Back at the investigation HQ in Berlin, Lt. Gen. Pravansh, Alwin, Lakshay, Divya, Shloka, and Harsh finally met via secure video call. They all now held **two shocking pieces of evidence**:

1. **All three attacks — flight, railway, and car — used a common algorithmic timer with radioactive trace signatures.**
2. **The bomb devices were assembled with material sourced from an abandoned DRDO warehouse in Leh, India.**

A dark silence filled the room.

Harsh:

"Yeh toh matlab... kisi ne andar se mil kar kiya hai."

Divya added:

"And that means... one of us was being watched... maybe more."

Dr. Lakshay:

"Is this just revenge... or something bigger?"

The screen went black.

A red warning flashed:

"NEW TARGETS LOCKED — NEXT STRIKE IN 72 HOURS."

To be continued...

Chapter 6: The Supreme Court Scene — Turning the Tables

When you're thrown into jail as a national-level civil servant — for trying to *save lives on a hijacked plane* — justice doesn't always come easy.

In most cases like this, it takes three to four weeks just to file the initial defense.

Mine was over in 7 days.

Because unlike others... I lived next door to the **Supreme Court** itself.

□ Flashback — The Supreme Court Govt. Apartment, New Delhi

It was 1993. I had just taken charge as **District Magistrate (DM) of Delhi**.

Due to over-occupancy at Mandi House and Chanakyapuri, I was allotted a flat inside the **Supreme Court Government Apartment Complex**, a high-security residential block where retired judges and legal officers stayed.

And across the corridor — **Shloka Mittal**, posted as **ADM** at the time, had just moved in.

We weren't close yet, but there was always mutual respect.

Shloka (respectfully in Hindi):

"Aapko yahaan rehna thoda alag sa nahi lagta, itne saare judge logon ke beech mein?"

Me (smiling):

"Alag zarur hai, lekin yeh sabse secure jagah bhi toh hai. Jab kaam sensitive ho, toh aaspaas bhi waise log hone chahiye jo samajhte hain."

Shloka (nodding):

"Sahi kaha aapne. Mujhe toh aapke kehne par aayi hu. Rajpath wale plot mein security kaafi weak thi."

Me (politely):

"Aap jaise officers ko safe rehna chahiye. Aapka kaam aur zimmedari sabko pata hai."

We didn't know it then... but that decision would one day speed up my trial by **judicial goodwill**.

⚖ Supreme Court — First Hearing (Day 1)

A packed courtroom.

I stood in the accused box — handcuffed, silent.

Captain Thomas Bresswich, the rogue pilot, stood just a few feet away, smug.

Presiding: **Justice Arora**, **Justice Javed Iqbal**, and **Justice Mehta**.

□ **Prosecution (Attacker's Lawyer): Mr. Anil R. Vyas**

"My Lords, the facts are simple. The accused took illegal control of a commercial aircraft. He overpowered the pilot, seized weapons, and assaulted personnel. No formal authorization. No emergency declaration. Is this the conduct of a civil servant?"

"We do not question his heroism — but heroism that *breaks protocol*, kills people, and holds a knife is *not law*. It's arrogance." The judges seemed convinced.

Justice Mehta raised a brow.

Justice Mehta:

"The court will not tolerate vigilante conduct, regardless of position."

□ **Defense (Your Lawyer): Sr. Adv. Ramneek Malhotra**

"My Lords, we are NOT dealing with a civilian here. This man is India's DNSA-in-training, with classified aviation and defense clearances. He didn't hijack a plane — he stopped one."

"We ask the court to wait until the second hearing. A special intelligence packet from Berlin and Germany's civil aviation board will arrive by then."

Judges remained cautious.

⚖ Second Hearing (Day 3)

This one was worse.

The German pilot, still unconscious, hadn't testified. A forged statement was submitted by the prosecution blaming you.

□ **Mr. Vyas (Prosecution):**

"The German pilot's official report says he never poisoned his co-pilot. The defense must explain how the accused 'magically knew' that the co-pilot was murdered without any evidence on board."

"In fact, the knife used in the altercation had the accused's fingerprints. This is open-and-shut."

I clenched my fists. The courtroom murmured.

Justice Javed Iqbal:

"We're struggling to see the necessity of this intervention, Mr. Malhotra. Why didn't your client wait for cabin crew or alert ATC formally?"

▢ **Mr. Malhotra (firmly):**

"Because my client had **seven seconds** to act before that pilot used a blade on another person. There was no time for walkie-talkies and approvals when 134 lives were on the line."

"But Your Lordships — the truth is coming. Our office has confirmed the black box audio and toxicology reports from Germany *have arrived*."

⚖️ Final Hearing (Day 7)

By now, the courtroom was silent like a graveyard.

The bail plea was hanging on a thread.

Then it happened.

▢ **Evidence Presented**

- **Forensic toxicology** showed lethal toxins in Co-Pilot Ashok Singhal's bloodstream.
- **Black box transcript** revealed Thomas Bresswich had whispered, "Say goodbye, Ashok," moments before the co-pilot's death.
- **15 passengers signed affidavits** confirming you only stepped in *after* the co-pilot collapsed.

The court listened to a portion of the black box transcript:

Thomas (recording):

"You should've stayed out of this, Ashok. One man must fall to save the cause."

(Sound of struggling)

(Silence)

(Alarm blaring)

⚖️ Judge's Statement

Justice Arora (reading):

"In light of new, conclusive evidence from the German government and passenger testimonies, the court acknowledges that the accused acted in good faith and in immediate threat scenario."

"The court grants bail with immediate effect. The accused is expected to assist in further investigation, but is hereby cleared of charges under Section 302 and the Arms Act — subject to review."

Gavel hit the bench.

The courtroom exhaled.

♂ Outside the Courtroom

I stepped out, free.

Shloka wasn't there — but her affidavit, her judgment, and her trust had been with me in that courtroom.

I was no longer the accused. I was the survivor.

But in my mind, I said quietly:

"Yeh ladai sirf meri nahi thi. Poore system ki thi. Par yeh toh sirf shuruaat hai."

Chapter 7: The Unexpected Promotion

Date: 19 February 2024

Time: 5:30 PM

Location: Rashtrapati Bhavan, New Delhi

The grandeur of Rashtrapati Bhavan stood as a testament to India's rich heritage. Its sprawling lawns and majestic architecture had witnessed numerous historic events, but today, it was the backdrop for an unprecedented ceremony.

I had been summoned for what I believed was a commendation for my actions during the Air India A350-900 incident. As I entered the ornate Durbar Hall, the atmosphere was charged with anticipation.

Prime Minister:

"Mr. Navdeep, your valor and quick thinking during the crisis have not only saved countless lives but have also set a benchmark for public service."

President:

"In recognition of your exemplary service, we are pleased to appoint you as the Deputy Prime Minister of India."

The weight of their words settled in. The position of Deputy Prime Minister, though not always occupied, is the second-highest ranking minister in the Union's executive branch .en.wikipedia.org

Me:

"I am deeply honored, but I must express that my actions were driven by duty, not ambition."

Prime Minister:

"True leadership often emerges in moments of crisis. Your actions exemplify this."

President:

"Your appointment is not just a recognition but a responsibility. We trust in your dedication to serve the nation."

The ceremony proceeded with the administration of the oath of office and secrecy, as per the Third Schedule of the Constitution of India .en.wikipedia.org+1constitutionofindia.net+1

Oath of Office:

"I, Navdeep, do swear in the name of God that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of India..."

As I recited the words, a sense of purpose enveloped me. The journey from a civil servant to the Deputy Prime Minister was unexpected, but the commitment to serve remained unwavering.

Chapter 8: The Investigation of Our Team and The Shocking News for Me

The investigation team had been working around the clock. The air was thick with tension, and every lead was carefully examined. Yet, the pieces of the puzzle still refused to fit neatly.

At the central command room in the Central Secretariat, I sat with Harsh Patel, Dr. Alwin, Divya, Lt. Gen. Pravansh Raghuvanshi, and Dr. Lakshay Patel. The atmosphere was heavy — no one wanted to break the silence.

Harsh: *"Sir, preliminary investigation suggests that the railway incident was orchestrated by suspects named Der, Hoyata, and Dekisugi. They've been linked to previous terrorist activities."*

Me: *"Are we certain about these names? Could they be red herrings?"*

Divya: *"We have intercepted communications pointing towards them, but no concrete proof yet."*

Meanwhile, the car accident that had taken Yashika's life had pointed fingers at a man named Thomas Welle, supposedly aggressive with her during the embassy days.

Lt. Gen. Raghuvanshi: *"Thomas Welle is the High Commissioner of Germany, not a petty criminal. His behavior was abrasive, yes, but he was at the embassy vending machine grabbing a Pepsi during the incident. His alibi checks out."*

Me: *"So, Welle isn't the killer?"*

Dr. Alwin: *"No, sir. Despite his attitude, he did not commit the attack. Someone is trying to frame him."*

A deep chill ran down my spine. The investigation was being misled.

Meanwhile, unaware of the tragedy unfolding in New Delhi, I was preparing for a major speech at the Yashobhoomi Convention Centre. It was my chance to inspire the nation, to bring hope amidst chaos.

Suddenly, my Samsung S25 Ultra buzzed violently. A WhatsApp message from Harsh Patel popped up:

"Navdeep, there has been a massive explosion at Yashobhoomi Sector-25. Shravan and Aban were caught in the blast. It's devastating."

My heart froze.

Me (thinking): *"Shravan... Aban... How? They were with me, with us, fighting side by side..."*

I rushed to the live news feed. The scene was catastrophic — charred bodies, thick black smoke, and chaos everywhere. Among the debris, I recognized the burnt remains of passports — Shravan's and Aban's.

At 8:09 PM, at the Yashobhoomi Metro station, the bombing had shattered not only the infrastructure but also our spirits.

Me (speaking to Harsh via phone):

"Harsh, tell me everything. Who could have done this?"

Harsh:

"We recovered a Chinese-made firearm from the metro platform. The attack looks planned, and whoever did this knew exactly where to strike."

Me:

"A Chinese weapon? That changes everything. The involvement of foreign agents? This goes deeper than we imagined."

I sat down, trying to process the devastating news.

Me (thinking): *"Shravan and Aban gone... They had to renew their passports here. I was supposed to be with them. If only..."*

Determination surged through me like a storm.

Me (to the team): *"This cannot be the end. I will get to the bottom of this. No more misdirection. No more innocent people suffering."*

The investigation was far from over, and the stakes had never been higher.

Chapter 9: My Return to Germany — A Reunion at the Terminal

It was **21st February 2024**, just a day after the devastating blast at Yashobhoomi. I had spent the previous night quietly, alone in thought, staring at the ashes of what once was my peaceful weekend sanctuary. Now, with a flight scheduled for **2:33 PM** from **Indira Gandhi International Airport Terminal 3**, I prepared to return to Germany to lead and oversee the continued investigation.

My journey began from **Yashobhoomi Sector-25 metro station**, boarding the **Airport Express Line** toward Terminal 3. The train was nearly empty — just the quiet hum of tracks and a few whispers among fellow travelers. My mind was still heavy with the loss of Shravan and Aban, yet determined to bring the perpetrators to justice.

As the train approached the terminal, I stood near the door, bracing for another day of formalities and flights. But the moment the metro doors slid open at **Terminal 3**, I was stunned.

Right in front of me, waiting on the platform, were **three uniformed officers**, each representing the power pillars of Indian law and technology. One was a tall, dignified woman in a decorated CAPF uniform — **my younger sister, Diksha**, now **63 years old and the Director General of the Central Armed Police Forces (DGP-CAPF)**. Standing

beside her were two familiar faces: **Shanyu**, now **Commissioner of Delhi Police (1st year)**, and **Devashish Jha**, the **Minister of Electronics and IT**.

My breath caught for a moment. They stared at me too, and the disbelief was mutual.

Diksha (with a stunned expression):

"Bhaiya...? Aap? Yahan?"

I stepped forward, slightly dazed.

Me:

"Diksha? Shanyu? Devashish...? Tum log... itne bade officer ban gaye ho?"

They smiled warmly and saluted me — a gesture I wasn't used to from people I once cracked jokes with during school lunch breaks.

Shanyu (smiling):

*"Sir, aap se milne ka mauka mili gaya. Actually, I was en route to **New Delhi Railway HQ** to coordinate with Havalbars."*

Devashish Jha:

"Aur main jaa raha hoon Yashobhoomi Sector-25 — technical faults fix karwane ke liye. Multiple digital systems failed after the explosion."

Diksha (nodding):

"Aur main SPG aur CRPF ke kuch logon ko lane ke liye IGI Terminal 1 ja rahi thi... but then we heard your flight was today, and it aligned perfectly."

I felt overwhelmed. After 40 years of separation — of wars, attacks, justice, and destiny — I was suddenly reunited with three people from my childhood, now leaders in their own fields.

Me (smiling emotionally):

"Tum logon ko main pehchaan hi nahi paaya pehle... kitna badal gaye ho sab."

Diksha (softly):

"Main to har saal aapse milti thi bhaiya... par aaj dusri baar mil rahi hoon issi saal mein."

They noticed the **badge on my coat** and the **Deputy Prime Minister ID** I carried with me.

Shanyu (surprised):

"Sir... Deputy Prime Minister?"

Devashish (grinning):

"Ab samajh aaya ki media kyun bolti hai ki 'aaj ka Bharat kisi ke liye rukta nahi hai' — tu sach mein proof hai uska, bhai."

The moment turned nostalgic. Our childhood memories began flooding in.

Shanyu (laughing):

"Yaad hai school mein mujhe 'Delhi Police' bulate the? Sirf isliye kyunki main apne papa ka ID card leke ghoomta tha!"

Devashish (teasing):

"Aur mujhe 'Devashish Jha' nahi... 'Devashish ja!' bulate the tum dono!"

Me (laughing):

"Aur mujhe? 'CISF'... because of my dad's job. Har baar duty ki acting karta tha recess mein!"

We shared a hearty laugh — one of those rare, raw, honest moments that reminded me of the life beyond politics, bravery, and tragedy.

A few minutes later, the announcement echoed overhead:

"Train towards Terminal 1, now arriving on Platform 2."

They glanced at each other, then back at me.

Diksha:

"Bhaiya, pre-investigation mein jo madad aapne ki thi, uske liye hum sab aapke karzdaar hain."

Shanyu:

"You saved lives. We'll make sure the system doesn't fail you. Kabhi bhi zarurat ho — bas ek message karo."

We exchanged final salutes, this time more out of emotion than protocol.

Me (with a faint smile):

"Take care, doston. Humein ek baar phir milega waqt, zarur milega."

As they boarded the metro, I watched them disappear into the train. I walked slowly toward the **departure waiting lounge**, where I sat down quietly.

The time was 1:57 PM.

I stared at the large glass window, looking at the runway as flights came and went. But in my mind, I was still holding that moment — the reunion of friends, the reminder of roots, and the strange beauty of time.

Now, the skies awaited me again... Germany awaited me.

Chapter 10: Detection of Chen Liu — The Final Second

After the warm and emotional reunion with my sister and my two old friends — now top officials — I settled at a bench inside **Terminal 3** of **Indira Gandhi International Airport**, waiting for my flight to Germany.

It was **2:12 PM**. The air inside the airport was calm, but my mind was still racing with recent memories — the blast at Yashobhoomi, the loss of Shravan and Aban, and my growing responsibility as **Deputy Prime Minister of India**. I sipped on a small cup of coffee while staring through the wide window panels at the **Delta Airlines** flight preparing for takeoff. And that's when I heard it.

A strange voice. Rough. Rushed. Desperate.

A man was arguing with someone near Gate 4, and something about his tone triggered a flashback.

I stood up slowly and turned toward the direction of the noise. My eyes narrowed as I scanned the crowd. And then I froze.

"It can't be... no way..." I whispered under my breath.

There he was — **Chen Liu**.

Yes, **Chen Liu**, the man who had once attempted to assassinate my sister **Diksha** back in **2015**, during a secret convoy movement in Manipur. At the time, he had disappeared — not a single agency could trace him. He was presumed dead, or at the very least, outside Indian territory.

But now... right here... walking fast toward the **Delhi Metro terminal access inside the airport**.

Me (muttering):

"He's trying to escape again. Not this time."

Without a second thought, I dropped the cup, straightened my blazer, and darted after him.

The Pursuit

The corridor echoed with my footsteps as I ran through the moving crowd, flashing my **DPM badge** to security.

Me (shouting):

"Make way! Deputy Prime Minister on emergency pursuit!"

Passengers moved aside instinctively. A CISF officer tried to stop me, but one glance at my credentials and determined face was enough.

Chen Liu entered the Metro gates just as the Airport Express was about to depart. I leapt through the door as it began to close — just in time.

He was unaware that I had followed him inside the coach.

I crept closer as the train sped towards **New Delhi Station**.

Just before the train reached the platform, I made my move.

Me (commanding voice):

"Chen Liu! Don't move. Hands up. You're under arrest!"

He turned, stunned, not expecting to be caught after nearly a decade.

Chen Liu (panting):

"You... how...?"

Me:

"Delhi remembers its enemies. Especially the ones who fail to finish what they started."

I pulled out my **official restraint unit** and pinned him as the train halted at **New Delhi Metro Station**. Within minutes, I had him escorted to

Police Headquarters, where I met **Commissioner Shanyu**.

The Interrogation

Shanyu (reading the report):

"Attempted attack in 2015... but no confirmed links to terror cells. Let's investigate deeply. He's in our custody for 5 minutes."

Me (firmly):

"This man slipped through us once. This time, don't let protocol cloud judgment."

Chen Liu was placed in **Level-2 security custody**.

After two days of detailed interrogation, cross-agency checks, and embassy records, the shocking truth came out:

Chen Liu was not a terrorist.

He was a **high-profile robber**, involved in international gold and electronics theft. His attack on Diksha in 2015? A **mistaken identity case** — he was trying to rob an official convoy mistaking it for a gold transit van.

Verdict & Sentence

After judicial evaluation:

- **Chen Liu was declared guilty of 7 robbery charges.**
- **Sentenced to 1 year of jail** under Section 392 and 411 IPC.
- **Fined ₹50,000** for obstruction of public order and misuse of embassy corridors.

Shanyu (sighing):

"Well, not a terrorist — but still a criminal. You nailed it. But at least you helped us a lot in our case, he was most wanted criminal. Thanks! DPM!"

Me(smiling):

"Thanks!"

The Last-Second Boarding

As soon as the case was logged, I realized I had only minutes left to catch my **2:33 PM** international flight to Germany.

I rushed out of Police HQ, called a **VIP escort**, and flew through the Delhi traffic with sirens clearing the way. By **2:31 PM**, I reached **Terminal 3**, breathless.

Airport Staff (shouting into walkie-talkie):

"Hold the gate! Deputy Prime Minister approaching!"

I sprinted down the final stretch, my hand carrying both my diplomatic passport and the investigation file. Just as the gate staff were about to close boarding...

Beep.

My boarding pass was scanned.

Time: 2:32:59 PM.

I entered the aircraft **one second** before the final cut-off.

As I walked down the aisle to my seat, the entire **Air India A350-1000 crew** stood up and saluted me.

Chief Flight Attendant (respectfully):

"Welcome aboard, sir. Deputy Prime Minister of India. We're honored."

I smiled and nodded humbly, adjusting my coat, the weight of both power and responsibility resting on my shoulders.

Me (to myself, as I looked out the window):

"Chen Liu, case closed. Now, back to the team in Germany... the real war has just begun."

Chapter 11: Return to the German Frontline – The Grand Reveal

The cool wind brushed past my face as I stepped out of **Terminal 3 at Frankfurt International Airport**, dressed in a **plain white shirt**, a **navy-blue blazer**, and dark trousers. Pinned neatly to my chest was the **golden badge of the Deputy Prime Minister of India**, and my **official government ID card** hung around my neck, facing inward.

My eyes scanned the long driveway, where a **diplomatic Mercedes-Benz S-Class**, flying the Indian tricolor, waited. The driver opened the rear door. The airport staff nearby noticed the badge, whispered in awe, but I remained quiet. No press, no announcement. Just the way I preferred it.

As the car reached the **temporary Indian diplomatic base in Darmstadt**, I saw **Harsh, Shloka**, and **Dr. Alwin** standing near the entrance. They expected a VIP—maybe an ambassador. But they had no clue **I** would step out of that car.

Scene: Outside the Base – The Big Reveal

Harsh (frowning):

"Yeh kaun aa raha hai diplomatic car mein... itni tight security?"

Shloka (curious):

"Lagta hai koi Minister level ka banda hai. Sirf foreign secretary log ke liye hi yeh Mercedes aati hai..."

The car stopped. The driver stepped around and opened the door. I stepped out slowly, adjusting my **blazer**.

Their faces froze. Eyes wide. Mouths slightly open.

Dr. Alwin (squinting):

"Sir... Navdeep sir?! Yeh aap?! Aap VIP escort ke saath... badge... ID card...!"

Harsh (shocked):

"Sir, yeh kya ho raha hai?! Yeh sab kuch... aap kabse...?"

I gave a calm smile and raised my ID slightly for them to glance. The golden badge glimmered in the evening sun.

Navdeep (softly):

"Thoda time tha... thoda responsibility bhi badh gaya hai."

Shloka (respectfully, but confused):

"Par sir... aap toh India mein judiciary ke case mein the... phir yeh sudden...?"

I nodded gently.

Navdeep:

*"19 February ko mujhe **Rashtrapati Bhavan** bulaya gaya tha. Prime Minister aur President ne mujhe... **Deputy Prime Minister of India** appoint kiya."*

Silence.

Harsh (whispers):

"DPM of India...?! Sir... aap... aap DPM ban gaye?! Aapne hume bataya bhi nahi!"

Navdeep:

"Bataya hota toh tum log kaam pe dhyan nahi dete. Mujhe pehle desh ki zimmedari samajhni thi... abhi samay hai tumhare saath milkar pura karne ka."

Dr. Alwin (placing hand to his chest):

"Sir, itna simple attire, no drama... lekin itni badi zimmedari. You're truly a leader."

Scene: Inside the Base - A Moment of Respect

We entered the base. Everyone stood up as I passed through the corridors. Even the foreign attachés paused. For a moment, silence ruled the hallway. My team followed, still unable to process it.

In the strategy room, I turned back to them.

Navdeep:

"This mission now has diplomatic weight. Every step we take reflects not only on India's intelligence but on its dignity. Are you ready for that level of service?"

Harsh, Shloka, Alwin (together):

"Always ready, Sir!"

Flashback - Balcony Conversation with Shloka (in Hindi)

That night, I stood at the balcony, gazing over the quiet German skyline. Shloka stepped beside me.

Shloka (respectfully, in Hindi):

"Navdeep ji, aap jaise log jab zimmedari lete hain... toh hum jaise logon ko umeed milti hai. Proud to serve under you, sir."

Navdeep (softly):

"Aap sabhi ne mujh par bharosa kiya... ab meri baari hai ki main apne desh ka bharosa ban ke dikhaun."

Chapter 12: The Incheon Strike — Attack on Attack

It was 22nd February 2024, just a day after I rejoined my team in Berlin and surprised them with the truth — that I, Navdeep Dhurvey, had now become the **Deputy Prime Minister of India**, after saving 300+ passengers and managing a mid-air crisis. They were still absorbing the weight of the news when I received an **urgent call** from the **Indian Intelligence Bureau**.

IB Agent (on call):

"Sir, this is urgent. South Korea's Incheon International Airport is under attack. Indian diplomats are trapped inside the VIP lounge. We need your permission for international coordination."

The moment I heard "Incheon" and "diplomats", I didn't wait. I stood up and turned toward Harsh, Shloka, and Dr. Alwin — who were seated in our **diplomatic vehicle** heading toward the **Indian Embassy in Berlin**.

Navdeep (calm but sharp):

"Doston, ek aur vaar hua hai... South Korea mein. Incheon Airport pe hamla. Apne log phase hue hain."

Shloka (tense):

"Kya?! South Korea? Wahan toh 2 Indian delegates gaya the UN climate pact ke liye..."

Dr. Alwin (anxious):

"Sir, kya yeh coordinated strike hai? Germany, phir India, ab South Korea?"

Harsh (concerned):

"Sir, kya aapko lagta hai ki yeh saare attacks kisi bade global nexus ka hissa hain?"

I nodded in grim silence. It was clear — this was not random. Someone, or some **network**, was coordinating these strikes. I called **R&AW Chief Suresh Rao** directly on the secured line.

Navdeep (authoritative):

"Suresh ji, coordinate with NIA, NSA Korea, and the UN Peacekeeping Forces in Seoul. I want complete surveillance on the Incheon grid. Air, land, cyber."

R&AW Chief:

"Yes sir. We've already activated Unit-9 and Black Team from Tokyo. But we'll need ground access."

Meanwhile, Shloka opened her tablet and pulled out classified embassy maps. Alwin started scanning news and satellite heat maps. Harsh cracked into Incheon's public flight radar, monitoring all unusual movements.

Suddenly, a sharp alert popped up.

Shloka (reading alert):

"Sir! Blast at Terminal 2, Gate 43. Jetbridge collapsed. Korean SWAT teams are en route. But..."

Dr. Alwin (interrupting):

"But VIP Lounge ke signal jam ho gaye hain. Hamare diplomats unconnected hain ab..."

A horrifying image flashed on our screen — the **Indian tricolor scarf** of one of our female diplomats lying in flames outside Gate 42. Harsh clenched his fists.

Harsh:

"Yeh zyada ho raha hai sir... hume turant kuch karna hoga."

I made the decision.

Navdeep (firmly):

"Shloka, flight ready karao. South Korea ke liye emergency diplomatic visit launch karna padega. Main khud jaa raha hoon."

Shloka:

"Par sir... aap DPM hain. Ye safe nahi hai."

Navdeep (soft but determined):

"Jo log desh ke liye mare hain, unki raksha karna hi meri zimmedari hai. Safe rehna mera kaam nahi hai, unhe safe rakhna hai."

Within hours, we coordinated with **Seoul National Intelligence Service**, and I personally boarded an IAF military jet, converted for diplomatic travel, to Incheon. With me were two elite NSG commandos and an AI-based communication jammer.

As the flight approached Seoul, the **situation worsened**. A second blast took out the **Korean Immigration Control Room**, and rumors started that a **rogue military faction** might be involved.

But just before landing, we received encrypted footage from **R&AW Black Team** stationed in Busan — they had identified one of the masked attackers.

Shloka (watching feed):

"Sir, yeh toh... yeh Chen Liu jaisa dikh raha hai, par Germany mein toh arrest ho chuka tha!"

Navdeep:

"Toh ya toh woh koi aur tha... ya yeh log clones ya lookalikes use kar rahe hain. Yeh organized terror hai."

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next in Chapter 13: Ground Zero — The Korean Rescue Mission, where DPM Navdeep Dhurvey leads a secret night operation inside Incheon, meets South Korean officials, and begins unraveling the biggest global terror nexus seen in the 21st century.

Chapter 13: Duo People to Incheon

Sometimes, missions don't wait for armies.
Sometimes, it's just two people against fate.
It was 23rd February 2024.

As the security operations intensified in Asia, I — **Navdeep Dhurvey, Deputy Prime Minister of India** — decided not to risk any more delay. Only two of us were cleared for this urgent mission: **Dr. Lakshay** and I. The others were advised to remain at the Berlin base for coordinated intelligence monitoring.

We boarded **Lufthansa Flight 245** — the massive Airbus A380 — from **Berlin to Incheon via Munich**. The moment the aircraft lifted off, I found myself staring into the clouds, reflecting on everything that had happened over the past few days — from courtroom chaos to flight tragedies, from arrests to reunions.

But it was **Munich Airport** that triggered something deeper.

As we landed for a **1-hour layover**, I quietly stepped away to the viewing gallery.

A soft chill brushed against my cheeks. My eyes welled up — not uncontrollably, but just enough to blur the lights of the runway.

It was here — exactly at **Munich Airport**, three years ago — where I had last seen **Yashika**, my old colleague and the one who never made it back from the diplomatic disaster. Her face flashed in my memory, fierce and stubborn, with just enough kindness to get on your nerves.

"You always do what you want, Navdeep..."

Her voice echoed from the past.

"But don't forget, sometimes what you want... forgets you."

I composed myself. There was no time for mourning. I had a job to finish. We boarded our connecting flight to **Incheon**.

The mood inside the aircraft was heavy. As we landed in **South Korea**, the sky was painted in the grey of dusk — almost as if it, too, was waiting for the storm we were about to walk into.

Just as we stepped off the aerobridge at Incheon, a familiar voice called out behind me.

Dr. Kobe (with a warm grin):

"Deputy Prime Minister Dhurvey... or should I still call you 'CISF's Son'?"

I turned, surprised but glad.

Dr. Kobe — the UN Security Analyst I had worked with during earlier intelligence summits — was here for tech coordination with Seoul's crisis teams. He smiled, holding his coat over his arm, his presence a rare comfort in this storm of uncertainty.

Dr. Kobe (admiringly):

"From MHA... to MeitY... to CBI... and now DPM. I've seen careers grow, but you've sprinted through ranks like it was war."

Navdeep (smiling faintly):

"And maybe it is a war. Just not with guns every time."

But fate had no patience for reunions.

Suddenly, a sharp crack!

A single gunshot tore through the terminal, echoing against the marble walls.

Dr. Kobe gasped — a direct hit to the chest.

Chaos broke out.

"Sniper!" someone yelled from behind a column.

Passengers screamed. Luggage tumbled. Sirens blared as a call went out to airport medical services.

Navdeep (screaming):

"Lakshay! Get him on the floor. Apply pressure, now!"

Dr. Lakshay instantly dropped his diplomatic bag and began administering first aid. His medical training kicked in like instinct. He stabilized Kobe's pulse within seconds.

Dr. Lakshay (shouting):

"We need a trauma kit and transport, now! Collapse his coat under his neck, secure his left side — we might have a collapsed lung!"

Meanwhile, I was already dialing **Seoul Airport Control** and **Delhi HQ** on the secure line.

Navdeep (cold, focused):

"This is DPM Dhurvey. Attempted assassination at Incheon Terminal-3. I'm initiating *Protocol Falcon*. Lock the exits. Close off the runway radius. Find that shooter."

Two guards ran past. I chased the suspect toward **Gate 6**, where the attacker had briefly appeared near a vending machine, attempting to blend with the crowd.

But it was too late. The shooter had vanished into an underground maintenance tunnel.

Only a **shell casing** was left behind — with one disturbing detail: The marking read "**LHC-69 | Beijing State Armoury.**"

My heart raced.

"China again? No, this wasn't just them... this was someone sending a message."

I returned to the medical bay where **Dr. Lakshay** and the Korean trauma unit were working on stabilizing **Dr. Kobe**, now under oxygen but conscious.

Dr. Kobe (faint smile):

"You're still in the war, Navdeep... Keep fighting."

Navdeep (solemn):

"And you'll live to see us win it."

Chapter 14: The Hitler Detection

It had been just over an hour since the attempted assassination of Dr. Kobe. The crisis had subsided, but my duty hadn't. I walked out of the Incheon Airport medical unit, tension gripping every muscle in my frame. The sun was beginning to sink, painting the sky in streaks of flame and ash — as if foreshadowing what was coming next.

A **taxi** slowed to a stop at the curb. The driver stepped out for a moment, and when his eyes fell on the **golden badge clipped to my shirt**, he instantly straightened.

Taxi Driver (respectfully, in Korean-accented English):

"You are... Indian Deputy Prime Minister?"

(He bowed lightly.)

"Sir, please... where to?"

Navdeep (nodding curtly):

"Incheon Airport Terminal 1. Fast."

Taxi Driver:

"Yes, sir!"

(He saluted crisply and opened the door for me.)

The drive was silent — not because of awkwardness, but out of reverence. That's what authority brings. Not noise. Silence. A silence even heavier than words.

We reached **Terminal 1** at exactly **3:00 PM**.

And that's when I saw him.

Not in a disguise. Not through a camera.

In person.

Hitler — or the man now living under his false identity — was walking through the crowd, his presence masked beneath an ordinary traveler's attire.

"No way... not again."

Without hesitation, I flashed my badge to the terminal officers and whispered,

Navdeep (urgently):

"Evacuate Terminal-1. Now. This man is high priority. Alert **NIA** and **Korean Special Airport Command**. Close perimeter access. He must not escape again."

The evacuation was quick. Screams were minimal. Trained officers moved like clockwork. The last time we'd failed to act in time, we lost Shravan and Aban. Not this time.

But catching **Hitler** — now globally wanted under multiple aliases — was no small task.

For the next **five hours**, he weaved through staff corridors, utility ducts, baggage tunnels, and even deactivated conveyor belts. I coordinated the chase while embedded with the Korean Joint Intelligence Command via my secured diplomatic line.

Finally, at **8:00 PM**, cornered near a restricted mechanical zone, we caught him — or so I thought.

Navdeep (shouting to officers):

"Seal Gate 9! Don't let him out!"

We apprehended **two masked individuals** during the operation — both were familiar.

Hishashi and **Kyotoa** — Japanese operatives I had previously warned in the *Yashobhoomi incident*.

They tried resisting.

I slapped them hard.

Not in anger. In authority. I needed answers.

I personally led the interrogation inside a secured terminal cell.

Only my voice echoed in that room.

Navdeep (coldly):

"Where is he?"

"Why are you killing civilians again?"

"You said this war was over. Who brought it back?"

They remained silent.

Sweating. Nervous. One of them cracked.

Kyotoa (whispering):

"We didn't do this... It's *him*. Hitler. We followed him to stop him... but he's ahead of all of us now."

Navdeep:

"Where is he now?"

Hishashi (looking up):
“**Allianz Arena.**”

My heart skipped a beat.

“Tonight... Bayern Munich vs Lazio... **UEFA Champions League Round of 16.**”

Over **75,000 people.**

Navdeep (to control center):

“Divert all surveillance to Munich. We need live feeds of Allianz Arena, internal heat maps, facial scans. Prepare diplomatic clearance for German soil again — I’m en route.”

The storm hadn’t ended.

It had only changed stadiums.

Chapter 15: Cancellation of Round of 16 – The Truth Behind Hitler

The moment the name *Allianz Arena* left Kyotoa’s lips, I didn’t waste a second.

The live match between **Bayern Munich** and **Lazio**, scheduled for 9 PM, was hours away — but the stadium was already filling up with over **75,000 fans.**

Using my **international authority as the Deputy Prime Minister of India**, I made an urgent call to the **UN Security Council**, requesting the immediate cancellation of the **UEFA Champions League Round of 16 match**, citing potential **threats to international civilian safety.**

Navdeep (to UN Director of Global Security):

“The arena is compromised. We are not dealing with lone wolves anymore. This is a transnational threat. I strongly recommend — and take full responsibility for — the match to be suspended until further clearance.”

It didn’t take long. At **6:45 PM**, just two hours before kickoff, a **global news flash** appeared:

“UEFA Match Suspended Due to Intelligence-Based Security Concerns, per United Nations Emergency Directive ”

As the stadium began evacuating under heavy security, I called my **team.**

“Deploy full team. Divide into sectors — interior, exterior, tactical overwatch, cyber-surveillance. Our primary target: *Adolf Hitler*. We finish this today.”

The Hunt in the Arena

The stadium, though emptying, still echoed with metallic footsteps. My team split into four units — **Alwin, Shloka, Harsh**, and **Lakshay** took their positions. I coordinated from the mobile command unit stationed outside the arena’s northern entrance.

Tensions were sky-high. Every passing second felt like a countdown to something far worse.

At **exactly 12:00 AM**, after over five hours of tracking, scanning, and quiet confrontation, the message came in from Lakshay:

“Target acquired. I repeat, Hitler in custody.”

Cheers rang across our comms — but we weren’t done. Not yet.

The Revelation at Dawn

At **5:00 AM**, I personally entered the secured German Intelligence facility where **Hitler** — or rather, the man claiming to be him — was being interrogated.

Flashes from international media lit up the corridor. The world was watching. And what came next shook every intelligence agency on Earth. With sweat dripping down his forehead, Hitler — now sitting cuffed and guarded by six elite security officers — looked up at me.

Hitler (calmly, to Navdeep):

“You think I was the mastermind?”

“You’re chasing the wrong nightmare, Deputy Prime Minister.”

(He chuckled.)

“I was never the leader. I was just the weapon.”

“The real architect...”

“...is Kim Jong Un.”

The room went still. Even the German intelligence chief dropped his pen.

Hitler (coldly):

“Yes. North Korea.”

“He’s not just running a rogue state. He’s building a shadow empire — spies in embassies, allies in criminal cells, and prisons filled with secrets.”

He leaned forward.

Hitler:

“You remember *Yashika Churchill*, don’t you?”

“You thought she died?”

I froze.

Navdeep (quietly):

“She’s alive?”

Hitler (grinning):

“Very much. But not free.”

“She’s in a secret **North Korean prison camp**, sentenced to **life imprisonment with forced labor**, for insulting the regime during New Year 2024... in front of someone she didn’t know was **Kim Jong Un’s wife** — a North Korean **spy**, disguised as a diplomat at the joint Indo-German embassy.”

“She was taken silently. Tortured. Publicly broken by female officers. They wanted to erase her — not from the world, but from her own soul.”

The shock was global.

News anchors couldn’t hold back their tears. Alwin smashed a chair in frustration. Shloka turned away, covering her mouth. Harsh, silent and cold, walked out of the room.

Navdeep (to my team, softly):

“This changes everything. We aren’t done.”

“She’s not dead... which means we can bring her back.”

□ FLASHBACK SCENE: New Year 2024 - Indo-German Embassy (Pyongyang Event)

(Scene in cinematic format — vivid, intense, respectful dialogue, with political weight)

*(The flashback will be narrated from **Hitler's perspective**, as he reveals the truth.)*

Hitler (in the interrogation room, to Navdeep):

"It was New Year's Eve. The Indo-German cultural exchange program — a rare diplomatic moment in Pyongyang. The halls of the embassy were draped in both tricolor and German black-red-gold. But beneath the smiles... spies watched every step."

"She didn't know the woman she was speaking to — was not a diplomat. She was **Ri Hwa-soon**, *Kim Jong Un's wife*, operating under diplomatic cover. And Yashika... well, she wasn't one to hold back."

□ Flashback Begins

Embassy Hall, Pyongyang - 31 December 2023, 8:17 PM

Yashika, bold and confident, is speaking with a group of delegates. She notices a North Korean cultural video playing on screen, glorifying dictatorship.

She shakes her head in disgust.

Yashika (firmly, in English):

"Funny how your nation celebrates *power* and calls it *peace*."

"You parade your missiles but hide your starving people."

"You think this is respect? This is propaganda."

Ri Hwa-soon (still pretending to be a diplomat) frowns.

Ri (calm but sharp):

"India should be careful how it addresses sovereign cultures."

"Our traditions are different from yours."

Yashika (coldly):

"Torture isn't tradition."

"Imprisoning voices — isn't culture."

"And trust me, one day the world will stop shaking hands with wolves in silk dresses."

Delegates gasp. Silence falls.

Ri (icily):

"You forget where you are, Miss Churchill."

"We are not Europe. Not India. We don't tolerate disrespect — especially not towards the First Lady."

Yashika (raising her voice):

"Then maybe North Korea should *learn* to tolerate truth — before truth burns your regime from the inside."

□ Moments Later - Embassy Exit

Yashika walks out of the building.

Two **black-suited agents** silently follow.

Within minutes, she is surrounded. No resistance. No noise.

Van doors shut. The embassy camera cuts to static.

□ Back to Present - Interrogation Room

Hitler (to Navdeep):

"That was it. No charges, no lawyer, no embassy notice."

"Within six hours, she was taken to *Camp 22*, the harshest labor prison in North Korea. She hasn't been seen since."

"They said she died. But that was their plan — to erase her and break you."

□ Scene: Inside the Interrogation Room - 5:12 AM

Hitler's confession ends. Silence. The weight of truth crushes the room.

Navdeep lowers his gaze. Dr. Alwin, standing behind, stiffens—staring in disbelief. His hands begin to tremble slightly.

Alwin's Reaction (Hinglish Emotional Dialogue)

Alwin (in a broken voice):

"Tu... tu kya bol raha hai? Yashika zinda hai? Woh... North Korea mein hai?"

("What... what are you saying? Yashika is alive? In North Korea?")

Navdeep (softly):

"Main bhi yahi soch raha hoon... Hitler jhoot bol raha hai ya sach... par uska tone, uska confidence... Alwin, mujhe lagta hai yeh sach hai."

("Even I'm wondering... is Hitler lying or telling the truth? But his tone, his confidence... Alwin, I think it's true.")

Alwin (emotional, stepping forward):

"Woh toh mari nahi thi... main uske liye itna roya, itna guilt liya... aur woh... woh zinda hai? Aur torture mein?"

("She didn't die... I cried for her, carried so much guilt... and she... she's alive? And being tortured?")

Navdeep (gently places a hand on his shoulder):

"Tu uske liye ro raha tha, main us jagah par roz jaata tha jahan woh akhri baar gayi thi. Aur aaj... aaj woh sach mein zinda hai."

("You cried for her, and I kept going to the place she was last seen. And today... today she's actually alive.")

Alwin (clenching his fists):

"Main chhodunga nahi, Navdeep. Agar woh sach mein wahan hai... toh main usse nikal kar launga. Yeh mera wada hai."

("I won't spare them, Navdeep. If she's really there... I'll bring her back. That's my promise.")

Navdeep (nods):

"Nahi Alwin... **hum** laayenge. Tere saath main bhi hoon. DPM hone ka matlab sirf kursi nahi hoti... zimmedaari bhi hoti hai."

("No Alwin... WE will bring her back. Being DPM isn't just a position... it's a responsibility.")

Chapter 16: The Report of Dr. Kobe's Health – The North Korea's Difficult Flight

Incheon Military Hospital – South Korea February 23, 2025 – 8:25 AM

As the cold breeze brushed across the windows of the South Korean military hospital, I stood beside the observation glass of Dr. Kobe's ICU. Machines beeped steadily. My mind was still processing the chaos of the past 48 hours.

I turned to Dr. Lakshay, who stood reviewing the vitals.

Navdeep (serious tone):

"Dr. Lakshay, kya Dr. Kobe theek hain ab? Woh hosh mein aaye?"

Dr. Lakshay (reassuringly):

"Haan sir, ab woh stable hain. Bullet nikaal diya gaya hai. Par rest zaroori hai. Kal tak observation mein rakhenge."

I slowly exhaled in relief.

I entered Kobe's room quietly. He turned his head slightly and smiled faintly despite the weakness.

Dr. Kobe (weak voice):

"Navdeep... you're still standing like a soldier... You didn't change."

I gently nodded and placed a hand on his shoulder.

Navdeep:

"I fight until the mission is done, Kobe. Get well soon... your reports are still pending."

We shared a small smile.

I came out of the ward and turned to Dr. Lakshay.

Navdeep (decisive tone):

"Dr. Lakshay, tum yahin rukho. Kobe tumhari zimmedaari hai ab. Jab tak woh bilkul recover nahi hote, unke paas rehna. Hum aage badhte hain."

Dr. Lakshay:

"Yes Sir, I will not leave his side."

Munich International Airport – Germany February 23, 2025 – 6:45 PM

With Kobe in recovery, it was time to continue the mission. I coordinated with Dr. Alwin and Divya—both fully recovered from earlier injuries. We regrouped at Munich Airport, but there was a new challenge.

Dr. Alwin (checking flight logs):

"Sir, koi direct flight nahi hai Pyongyang ke liye. Not even from private charters."

Navdeep (grimly):

"Expected. Kim has turned North Korea into a prison. No flights in. No flights out."

Divya (worried):

"So what now, sir?"

Navdeep (resolutely):

"Beijing. That's our best shot."

Flight: Lufthansa LH722 - Munich to Beijing

Departure: 7:40 PM | Arrival: 11:45 AM (Next Day)

The Lufthansa A350 cruised into the night. The cabin lights dimmed, but my mind raced. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw Yashika's face... bruised, exhausted, and locked in a North Korean labor camp.

Beijing Capital Airport - China

February 24, 2025 - 1:15 PM

Beijing was a risk. Diplomatic tensions ran high. We were officially on Chinese soil—hostile territory for Indian officers.

Suddenly, a message blinked on my secure device.

Message from MHA Delhi:

"IAF covert aircraft dispatched. Unit: Boeing 737 (IAF Modified).

ETA at Tarmac-7. Escort includes 4 Indian Army, 2 IAF officers.

Mission: Protect Deputy Prime Minister and officers."

A matte grey aircraft waited for us. The rear ramp lowered as soldiers stepped forward.

IAF Commander (saluting):

"Good afternoon, Deputy Prime Minister Sir. We're here to secure your mission."

Navdeep (with gratitude):

"India ka izzat aap logon ke wajah se hai. Let's move."

Flight: Covert IAF Operation - Beijing to Pyongyang

Takeoff: 2:00 PM | Landing: 5:00 PM

This wasn't a regular passenger flight. Inside were seats bolted with armor, med kits, encrypted communication lines, and silent soldiers guarding every corner.

As we landed at Pyongyang Sunan Airport, the view was haunting—empty terminals, armed border guards, and barbed wires. It wasn't an airport... it was a silent fortress.

Indian Army Officer (saluting one last time):

"Goodbye officers! And... DPM Sir. Jai Hind!"

Navdeep:

"Jai Hind."

The ramp closed behind them. I adjusted my badge over my blazer and stepped into North Korean soil.

Mission Objective:

Find Yashika Charchil.

Rescue the truth.

Chapter 19: An Indian Army's Surprise Rescue

Pyongyang, North Korea**February 24, 2025 — 8:32 PM***T-28 minutes to assassination.*

The chilling wind of Pyongyang Stadium carried something darker than cold air — an execution was scheduled. A secret doctor from North Korea, **Dr. Jee-Han-Yang**, risked his life to whisper truth into ours.

"A woman — Indian-German Embassy — murder scheduled. 9 PM. Stadium execution," he told me, breathing heavily, eyes filled with urgency.

I stared at Dr. Alwin and Divya.

Navdeep (firmly):

"Bachana hi padega... agar aaj chook gaye, toh dobara moka nahi milega. Ready?"

Divya (nodding):

"Hamesha. Let's end this nightmare."

Dr. Alwin (serious, clutching his bag):

"I'm with you, sir. Lekin plan?"

Navdeep:

"Gun ko grass ke jaise paint karenge, so it blends in. Niche se entry karenge. Dress change karte hain. Jab North Korean officers fire karenin, hum Yashika ko shield karenge."

We changed our attire — North Korean staff uniforms. Painted our defense tools to camouflage. Entered via underground tunnel. The tension was suffocating.

Stadium Entry — 8:56 PM*Security Level: Max*

As we approached the last gate...

North Korean Officer (strictly):

"You can't go inside. You don't have clearance."

Navdeep (calmly):

"Please, ek aurat ki zindagi daav par hai..."

North Korean Officer:

"No."

The final 'No' shattered our plan.

Divya (angrily):

"Yeh kaise rok sakte hain humein?! Woh mar jaayegi!"

Navdeep (upset but controlled):

“Helpless lag raha hai... par kuch toh karna hoga.”

I turned around and saw **Dr. Alwin**, who was crying silently. His fists clenched.

Dr. Alwin (tearfully):

“Sir... hum haar gaye kya? Sab kuch khatam ho gaya kya?”

Navdeep (softly):

“...Shayad nahi. Kabhi kabhi ant mein bhi koi shuruaat hoti hai.”

Stadium Arena — 9:00 PM Sharp

Execution Setup Begins

North Korean Commander:

“Three... two... one... GO!”

Suddenly—

BANG!

A sniper shot cracked the silence. One of the North Korean executioners collapsed, blood splattered. Panic exploded in the stadium.

Flashback:

[Scene: New Delhi — Central Command Room, Ministry of Defence]

(Evening, 21 February 2025)

The Central Command room was filled with senior military officials monitoring the escalating crisis in Pyongyang. The intelligence reports coming in were grim: Yashika, an Indian-German embassy officer, was under severe threat during her imprisonment.

Suddenly, a secure video call popped up from the Deputy Prime Minister’s office — Navdeep Dhurvey’s direct orders. The room went silent as the commanding officer listened carefully.

Commanding Officer:

“Understood, Sir. We will deploy our best operative immediately.”

He turned to his team.

Commanding Officer:

“Mobilize General Pratyush Singh Bhadoria for immediate covert mission in Pyongyang. Operation ‘Rescue Dawn’ is a go. This is a high-priority extraction.”

The officers nodded and moved swiftly to prepare the general’s rapid deployment.

[Cut to: General Pratyush Singh Bhadoria — Southern India Military Base]

General Pratyush was in his quarters when he received the encrypted order. He stood up with resolve.

Pratyush (thinking):

“Yashika ki jaan par khatra hai. Ab time hai action lene ka.”

Without delay, he gathered his gear — weapons, comms, tactical suit — and boarded a military helicopter bound for New Delhi.

[Cut to: New Delhi Air Force Base]

Pratyush landed, quickly boarded a stealth jet prepared for the mission. The pilots briefed him on the flight path — Munich, Beijing, then covert insertion into Pyongyang.

[Cut to: In-flight — Onboard Stealth Jet]

Pratyush reviewed intelligence files on the mission. His mind was focused but calm.

Co-Pilot:

“Sir, estimated time to Pyongyang is 8 hours. All systems ready.”

Pratyush nodded.

Pratyush:

“Good. Our people’s safety depends on precision.”

[Cut to: Arrival at Pyongyang outskirts — Night]

The stealth jet touched down silently at a discreet military airstrip near Pyongyang. Pratyush disembarked with his team and moved under cover of darkness towards the city stadium, where Yashika was held.

[Cut to: Pyongyang Stadium]

North Korean officers stood guard, heavily armed and alert. The area was tense.

Pratyush observed from a concealed position.

Pratyush (into comms):

“Target location confirmed. Preparing for extraction.”

He readied his sniper rifle, aiming carefully.

[Action Sequence]

“3... 2... 1... Go!”

Pratyush fired precise shots at the officers blocking the path. The sudden attack threw them into chaos. One by one, the North Korean guards fell. Civilians nearby screamed and scattered, but Pratyush moved swiftly, neutralizing threats with disciplined efficiency.

[Final moments]

As the smoke cleared, Pratyush stepped forward, signaling to Yashika’s location and securing the perimeter.

[Cut to: Nearby location — Navdeep and team unaware]

Meanwhile, Navdeep and the team were still outside the stadium, struggling with security. No idea that help had already arrived inside.

Divya (shouting):

“Sir! Koi sniper ne unhe gira diya!”

Navdeep (focused):

“WHERE is the shooter?!”

Chaos unfolded. The sniper — masked, in what looked like **Indian Army** uniform but styled like a ninja — took out **every single North Korean officer**, moving with unthinkable precision. From rooftop to arena, he descended and landed just in front of **Yashika**, shielding her.

We rushed toward the center, navigating past broken chairs and stampeding civilians. Five innocent spectators were already dead from the NK firing, but the tide had turned.

I reached the soldier... and saw his nameplate.

“Gen. Pratyush Singh Bhadoria”

I froze.

Navdeep (stunned):

“...Pratyush?”

General Pratyush (removing his mask, stunned too):

“Navdeep?! Tu... Deputy Prime Minister hai?”

We both saluted each other in respect.

Divya (shocked):

“General Bhadoria?! Yeh aapka plan tha?”

General Pratyush (nodding):

“Mujhe pata tha tum log koshish karoge. So I came under covert IAF instructions. This was personal for me too.”

Yashika (emotionally, eyes teary):

“Navdeep... tum... Deputy Prime Minister ho?”

(She saluted immediately.)

Navdeep (quietly):

“Yeh waqt badalne ka hai, Yashika. Tum ab safe ho.”

I turned to Dr. Alwin and Yashika.

Navdeep (commanding):

“Tum dono abhi ke abhi Pyongyang Airport jao. IAF ka flight ready hai IGI ke liye. Wahan sab kuch secure hoga.”

Yashika:

“Lekin sir—”

Navdeep (firm):

“Main hoon yahan. Tumhara kaam khatam nahi, lekin abhi rest lo. Ye meri duty hai.”

Dr. Alwin (nodding):

“Jai Hind, sir.”

They rushed toward the convoy.

Chapter 20: The Unexpected Death of Pyongyang Toll

The convoy was moving fast through the dusty roads of Pyongyang, the weight of recent events heavy on everyone's minds. Navdeep, Divya, and Gen. Pratyush were at the front, while Dr. Alwin and Yashika were in the second vehicle, hoping to safely reach the next checkpoint.

As they approached the toll plaza, the atmosphere suddenly turned cold and threatening.

At the Toll Plaza

A male and female North Korean officer stepped forward, their faces stern. They gestured for the convoy to stop.

Male Officer (in clipped English):

"Documents. Now."

Female Officer (with sharp tone):

"No exceptions."

Dr. Alwin opened the folder, handing over the papers. The officers examined them closely, exchanging cold looks.

Female Officer:

"These documents... fake."

Male Officer:

"False identity. Treason."

Between Dr. Alwin and Yashika, in low whisper, in Hinglish:

Dr. Alwin:

"Yashika, ye log serious hain. Documents check kar rahe hain jaise life aur death ka case ho."

Yashika:

"Sach mein, Alwin? Mujhe lagta hai kuch toh gadbad hai. Bahar sab kuch safe tha."

Dr. Alwin:

"Ab kuch karna padega. But careful, yeh log ek dum ruthless hain."

Back to officers, in English:

Male Officer:

"Sentence: Death. Immediate."

Dr. Alwin and Yashika's eyes widened, shock freezing their expressions.

Dr. Alwin (pleading):

"You don't understand! We are here on medical emergency. Please reconsider!"

Female Officer (coldly):

"No. Orders from above. No negotiation."

Before anyone could react, the officers drew weapons.

Dr. Alwin (whispering to Yashika):

"Yashika, stay close. Ready for anything."

Yashika (softly):

“Alwin, agar kuch ho gaya, toh meri jaan sambhalna.”

The officers opened fire.

[After the gunfire]

Navdeep’s phone suddenly rang—it was a coded call from the same North Korean agent who had been trailing them.

Agent’s voice (distorted):

“They are dead. Alwin and Yashika eliminated. Your convoy compromised. Prepare for capture.”

Panic swept through Navdeep and the team.

Navdeep (shouting):

“Everyone, move! Get to the convoy — fast!”

But before they could react fully, the surrounding troops closed in.

Captured and taken to jail

Navdeep, Divya, and Gen. Pratyush found themselves restrained in a grim, dimly lit cell. Yet, Navdeep had a hidden tool—an unassuming device he had taken from a previous mission. It was silent but powerful, a bomb with a 5 km blast radius.

Navdeep (quietly to Divya and Pratyush):

“Yeh waqt nahi hai use karne ka. But jab zarurat padegi, main use karunga.”

Divya:

“Sir, humara bahut time nahi hai. Jaldi kuch plan banana hoga.”

Gen. Pratyush:

“Focus karte hain. Yeh jail humara end nahi.”

The room filled with tension, hope flickering faintly amidst uncertainty.

Chapter 20: The Unexpected Death of Pyongyang Toll

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Gen. Pratyush:

"Focus karte hain. Yeh jail humara end nahi."

The room filled with tension, hope flickering faintly amidst uncertainty.

Would you like me to continue this story with the team planning their breakout or focus more on the emotional moments between Navdeep and his team?

Chapter 22: The Official War of India-North Korea

At the UN Security Council — Before War

Navdeep spoke firmly into the video conference with the UN Security General.

Navdeep:

"Sir, we request permission for military action against North Korea. Their dictatorship has caused massive suffering, and they threaten regional peace."

UN Security General (calmly):

"You have full permission to conduct the war. And don't forget to claim the lands. We don't like North Korea — an 80-year-old dictatorship

collapsing the lives of its people. It's time to save civilians and remove that government."

Navdeep:

"What about Russia's stance on this?"

UN Security General (smiling):

"I will compromise with Russia. You have our full support."

Next Day — Indian Height Command

The war was set in motion. Navdeep held a sniper rifle, preparing for the operation.

Navdeep:

"Indian Army and IAF, be ready. This is a decisive operation."

War Overview (3 months)

- **Initial Attack:** Indian forces launched an aerial strike on North Korean military bases.
- **Enemy Response:** North Korean military retaliated fiercely.
- **Casualties:**
 - **Indian Army:** 55 jawans martyred in initial assault.
 - **Overall Aerial Deaths:** NK: 231, IND: 50
 - **Land Casualties:** NK: 2500, IND: 568
 - **Our Officers:** 0 (All survived)

Despite the losses, Indian forces advanced secretly into key locations. The highlight was the surgical strike where a Rafale aircraft targeted and eliminated Kim-Jong-Un.

Daily Reports (Gap of 10 Days)

Day 10 Report

- Indian Forces control 15% of border areas.
- Casualties: NK: 300, IND: 75.
- Air strikes continue with precision.

Day 20 Report

- Civilians rescued: 10,000+
- NK military morale decreasing.
- Casualties: NK: 850, IND: 150.

Day 30 Report

- Indian troops captured key military bases near Pyongyang.
- Air superiority achieved.
- Casualties: NK: 1400, IND: 300.

Day 40 Report

- Full blockade of NK borders.
- North Korea's communication systems disrupted.
- Casualties: NK: 1850, IND: 400.

Day 50 Report

- Kim-Jong-Un targeted and killed by Rafale strike.
- Remaining NK forces disorganized.

- Casualties: NK: 2200, IND: 480.

Day 60 Report

- Final major offensives underway.
 - Civilians liberated in massive numbers.
 - Casualties: NK: 231, IND: 50 (Aerial) + 2500, IND: 568 (Land).
-

April 19 — End of War Due to Elections

Due to upcoming elections, the war officially ended, with a decisive Indian victory. North Korea's government collapsed, and the land was divided among India, South Korea, Russia, and the US.

Land Sharing Diplomatic Dialogue

In a high-level diplomatic meeting, Navdeep represented India alongside diplomats from Russia, the US, and South Korea.

Russia Diplomat:

"We respect India's efforts but demand control over the northern territories. It is geographically close and historically linked to us."

Navdeep (calmly):

"We understand, Russia. India accepts your claim over the northern region, provided the region remains peaceful and secure."

US Diplomat:

"From the west, the US wants to ensure strategic interests and humanitarian access. We propose control over the western zone."

Navdeep:

"The US can manage the western region. Cooperation is essential for long-term stability."

South Korea Diplomat:

"We request the largest share in the south for reintegration and development."

Navdeep (smiling):

"South Korea will receive 70% of the land, renamed South-Central Korea, with their flag intact. India will retain the central-east portion for strategic growth and defense."

South Korea Diplomat:

"This is a historic decision. We thank India for the cooperation."

Russia Diplomat:

"We hope this agreement will bring lasting peace."

US Diplomat:

"Let this new Korea be a beacon of stability in the region."

Navdeep (firmly):

"This is a new beginning — for the people, the nations, and the world."

Chapter 22: The Funeral of Every Martyr and the Truth of Kim-Jong-Un

□ Opening Scene: The Final Truth

The **illusion** that Kim-Jong-Un was dead came crashing down when the **intelligence confirmation** revealed:

- **Kim-Jong-Un**: Captured alive and **sentenced to death penalty** by the International War Crimes Tribunal.
- **Kim's wife**: Sentenced to **life imprisonment** for crimes against women and political torture.
- **Kim's children**: Sent to **foster homes** under the surveillance and care of:
 - **IPS Director General (DGP)**
 - **Foreign Minister**
 - **INS (Indian Navy)**
 - **Indian Air Force (IAF)**

This marked the **collapse of North Korean dictatorship**, but also the **end of one of the darkest chapters in global history**.

✈ Scene 2: Return to India - IGI Airport, Delhi (8:00 AM)

After 2.5 months of war, your convoy landed at **Indira Gandhi International Airport (Terminal 1)**. The moment you stepped off the IAF aircraft, **Delhi greeted you with silence, pride, and pain**.

Passengers noticed your team — **Navdeep, Divya, Gen. Pratyush, Shloka, Harsh, and Dr. Lakshay**, all in formal military uniforms. People around you reacted with respect.

□ *Passenger Dialogues:*

Old Man:

"Beta, desh aap sab par naaz karta hai..."

Young boy:

"Mujhe bhi aap jaisa banna hai, DPM sir!"

Businessman (in English):

"Sir, we were following your mission every day. You've made India proud."

You simply nodded in silence, placing your hand on your heart — no victory celebration, just responsibility.

□ Scene 3: Delhi Metro to Central Secretariat (8:15 AM - 9:00 AM)

You chose not to travel in a motorcade. Instead, your entire team boarded the **Delhi Metro Airport Line** to Central Secretariat. A gesture of humility, and a message — **we are public servants, not rulers**.

Inside the train, people stood in silence.

College Girl (softly to her friend):

"Dekha? Wahi Navdeep sir hain... DPM ban ke bhi metro le rahe hain."

Metro Announcement:

"Next Station: Central Secretariat. Exit from Gate No. 4 for Rashtrapati Bhavan."

□ **Scene 4: Rashtrapati Bhavan - National Funeral Ceremony (9:15 AM)**

Rows upon rows of coffins were lined up, draped in **Tiranga**, with names engraved in gold. Families stood beside their loved ones.

You saluted each martyr in silence, eyes moist, heart heavy.

At the funeral were:

- **Shanyu (Commissioner of Delhi Police)**
- **Diksha (your younger sister, DGP of CAPF)**
- **Devasish (from MeitY)**
- **Lakshay Jaiswal (Indian Navy Officer)**
- **Daksh Saini (Air Force Commodore)**
- **Piyush (Chartered Accountant & Harsh's childhood friend)**

All were there — not as officials, but as brothers, friends, patriots.

□ **Your Speech to the Nation (Navdeep as DPM of India)**

"Main Navdeep Dhurvey, Bharat ka Uppradhan Mantri, aaj yahan desh ke veer sainikon, officers, aur mitron ko shraddhanjali dene aaya hoon.

Unhone apna khoon is mitti mein milaya, taaki aaj hum sab azaadi ki saans le sakein.

Yeh samay shok ka hai, par yeh samay gaurav ka bhi hai.

Kim ka tanashahi kabhi vishwas nahi jeet paaya. Aur Bharat ne dikhaya - agar insaaf ki ladai ho, toh hum kabhi peeche nahi hatte.

Main un parivaron se vaada karta hoon - unka balidan kabhi vyarth nahi jaayega. Yeh Tiranga unki kahaniyon se sada mahka rahega. Jai Hind!"

□ **Personal Moments**

After the speech, Diksha (your sister) hugged you tightly.

Diksha (teary-eyed):

"Bhai... tu toh sach mein hero ban gaya... par tune kitna kuch jhela hai, main jaanti hoon..."

You (emotionally):

"Hero nahi, sirf ek zimmedaar bharatiya hoon..."

Gen. Pratyush (to the group):

"We didn't win a war. We rescued humanity."

Final Scene: March Past and National Anthem

As the anthem played, every soldier saluted in perfect sync. Over 1000 people joined in with silence, tears, and pride. The Rashtrapati Bhavan echoed with:

**"Shaheedon ki chitaon par lagenge har saal mele,
Watan par mitne waalon ka yahi baaqi nishaan hoga."**

Chapter 23: Birth of Niutda – The New India Union Territory

Date: 24th April | Location: Niutda Parliament, Central Niutda

After 2.5 months of war, sacrifice, and hard decisions, it was **time to rebuild what once was broken**. Under your leadership as **Deputy Prime Minister**, India didn't just win a war — it **gave birth to a vision**. This wasn't just a piece of captured land. This was **New India's Cleanest, Smartest, and Freest Land**.

Official Name: NIUTDA – New India Union Territory Development Authority

- **Type:** Union Territory of India
 - **Status:** 2nd Union Territory with a **Chief Minister**
 - **IAS Cadre Name:** **ANGMUT (Ang-Niutda-Goa-Mizoram-UT Cadre)**
 - **Capital City:** Central Niutda
-

Districts of Niutda:

No	Zone Name	Function / Description
1	Dhoklapur	Residential & Cultural Hub
2	Chandra Nagar	Administrative and Education Zone
3	Charchil Vihar	Historical & War Memorials
4	Sainik Cantt.	Army Headquarters & Defense Training
5	Furjiko Nagar	Korean Heritage + Industrial City
6	Vittantranagar	Research, IT, Universities, Financial Capital
7	Officer Sector	IAS/IPS Officers' Colonies and Government Offices
8	Vedas City	Ayurveda, Hospitals, Healthcare Research, Medical Services
9	Jamhal	Farming, Dairy, and Self-Sustainability
10	Central Niutda	Political, Financial, and Cultural Capital
11	Vrajpura	Environment & Sustainability Hub (Renewable Energy, Conservation, Waste Management)

No	Zone Name	Function / Description
12	INS Japan Mahasagar	Naval Base and Maritime Command
13	Shiksha Vihar	Education City – Schools, Colleges, and Training Institutes
14	Secular Temple	Religious Park with places of worship for all religions
15	Vayungar IAF Niutda Command	Indian Air Force Command Center
16	Khaan Khas	Government Food Storage & Supply Center (Granaries, Logistics, Food Security)

☐ **Niutda Metro + Bus Network**

- **Niutda Metro:** 2 circular lines + 3 rapid lines
 - **Electric Bus Fleet:** Fully integrated with metro cards
 - **Total Stations:** 74
 - **Smart Card System:** Linked with UPI
-

☐ **India's Skyscraper Capital (After Mumbai)**

- **Skyscrapers built:** 20
 - **Total skyscrapers in India:** 35
 - **Green-certified towers:** 15
 - **Tallest Building:** *Unity Tower, 312m*, located in Vedas City
-

☐ **Cleanest City Status: Rank 2 in India (After Indore)**

- **Reason:**
 - Zero garbage dump policy
 - Vacuum road cleaners
 - 100% underground waste pipeline
 - AI-powered Swachhta Bots
-

☐ **Citizenship Integration**

- All **North Korean IDs** were **officially abolished**.
 - All citizens of Niutda became **Indian Citizens** with new **UID-linked Niutda Aadhar Cards**.
-

☐☐ **Education Policy**

- **Languages Taught:**
 - **Korean** (local language)
 - **Hindi** (National Language)
 - **English** (Global)

- **Compulsory National Citizenship Test (NCT)** after 3 years
 - **State Language:** Korean
 - **Official Work Language:** Hindi + English
-

☐ **Niutda Constitution (Passed: 24th April)**

This was the first modern Constitution created under your leadership post-war.

Major Articles:

- **Article 3:** Hair styling and dyeing rights granted
 - **Article 4:** Abolition of librarian, secret police, and censorship patrols
 - **Article 5:** Freedom of Internet to every citizen
 - **Article 6:** Removal of all surveillance apps from citizens' devices
 - **Article 7:** Mandatory Korean, Hindi, and English education
 - **Article 8:** Equal rights to men, women, and all communities
 - **Article 10:** Right to Expression, Protest, and Innovation
-

☐☐ **Government Formation:**

- **Chief Minister:** You (Navdeep, Deputy PM of India)
 - **Deputy CM:** Urban & Rural Housing Minister
 - **Governor:** General (Retd.) Pratyush Singh Bhadoria
 - **Home Secretary (UT):** Shloka
 - **Health Secretary:** Dr. Lakshay
 - **Defense Secretary:** Harsh
 - **Transport & Tech:** Devasish (MeitY)
 - **Air Force Liaison:** Daksh Saini
 - **Finance Oversight:** Piyush (CA)
-

☐ **Who Stayed, Who Returned?**

- **You, Divya, Shloka, Dr. Lakshay, and Gen. Pratyush stayed** in Niutda
 - Others went home, but would return for periodic support
-

☐ **Final Dialogue (At Niutda Parliament Balcony)**

Pratyush (looking out):

"Jo zameen kabhi dictatorship ki thi, aaj vikas ki hai."

Divya:

"Aur desh ki sabse safe aur clean jagah bhi."

You (Navdeep):

"Yeh sirf territory nahi... yeh naye Bharat ka prototype hai."

Dr. Lakshay (smiling):

"Agla AI summit bhi yahin hoga, DPM sir."

Everyone laughs gently, as the Indian Flag flutters proudly.

□ Chapter 24: The China-Pakistan Conspiracy

Date: April 28, 2024

Location: Undisclosed military facility, Islamabad

In the aftermath of escalating tensions in South Asia, a high-level meeting was convened between top military and political leaders of China and Pakistan. The agenda: formulating a joint strategy to challenge India's growing regional influence.

□ Attendees:

- **Pakistan:**

- General Asim Munir – Chief of Army Staff
- Khawaja Muhammad Asif – Defence Minister
- Shehbaz Sharif – Prime Minister
- ISI Director General

- **China:**

- General Wei Fenghe – Minister of National Defense
 - Liu Jianchao – Minister of Foreign Affairs
 - PLA Strategic Command Representatives
-

□ Meeting Transcript (Translated Excerpts)

General Asim Munir (Pakistan):

"India's recent actions have emboldened its stance. We must recalibrate our strategy to counter their aggression."

General Wei Fenghe (China):

"Agreed. A synchronized approach will send a clear message. We propose a coordinated operation on April 28, 2025."

Khawaja Muhammad Asif (Pakistan):

"Our forces are prepared. A joint offensive will catch them off guard."

Liu Jianchao (China):

"Diplomatic channels will be managed to delay international intervention. We must ensure plausible deniability."

□ Strategic Objectives:

1. Simultaneous Fronts:

- **China:** Mobilize troops along the Line of Actual Control (LAC) in Arunachal Pradesh.
- **Pakistan:** Intensify activities along the Line of Control (LoC) in Jammu & Kashmir.

2. Cyber Operations:

- o Launch coordinated cyber-attacks targeting India's critical infrastructure, including power grids and communication networks.

3. **Diplomatic Maneuvers:**

- o Engage with international allies to preemptively counter India's narrative and delay potential sanctions.

4. **Economic Disruption:**

- o Target key economic hubs to destabilize India's financial markets.
-

□ **Intelligence Leak**

Unbeknownst to the conspirators, a mole within the ISI, codenamed "**Falcon**", relayed details of the meeting to Indian intelligence agencies. The information was subsequently shared with the United Nations Security Council, prompting global attention.

□ **Global Reactions**

- **United States:**
Condemned the alleged plans and urged both nations to exercise restraint.
 - **United Nations:**
Called for an immediate investigation and scheduled an emergency session to address the potential threat to regional stability.
 - **India:**
Heightened security measures along all borders and initiated diplomatic outreach to garner international support.
-

□ **Prelude to Conflict**

This clandestine meeting set the stage for heightened tensions in the region. India's proactive measures, including intelligence sharing and diplomatic engagements, aimed to thwart the impending threat. The revelation of the conspiracy underscored the fragile nature of peace in South Asia and the ever-present challenges to regional security.

Chapter 25: The Promotion of International Postings

Scene: A grand ceremony at the United Nations Headquarters in New York City, where the Indian delegation is honored for their exemplary service.

Narrator (Voice-over):

"In recognition of their unparalleled dedication and valor, members of the Indian delegation received prestigious international appointments, marking a new chapter in their illustrious careers."

International Appointments:

- **Harsh Patel and Divya Burdak:** Appointed as senior officers at INTERPOL, enhancing global law enforcement collaboration. (1. Director, 2. Intelligence Wing Coordinator)
 - **Dr. Lakshay Patel:** Took the helm as Director-General of the World Health Organization (WHO), leading global health initiatives.
 - **Shloka Mittal:** Assumed the role of Head of the United Nations Department of Economic and Social Affairs, focusing on sustainable development and social policies.
 - **Lt. Gen. Pravansh Raghuvanshi:** Joined the United Nations Trusteeship Council, contributing to the administration of trust territories.
 - **Navdeep (You):** Elevated to the esteemed position of Secretary-General of the United Nations, becoming the first Indian to hold this office.
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Speech at the United Nations Ceremony:

Navdeep (Secretary-General of the UN):

"Esteemed colleagues and delegates, today we stand at the crossroads of history. Our journey from the frontlines of conflict to the halls of diplomacy exemplifies the transformative power of dedication and unity. As we embrace our new roles, let us reaffirm our commitment to global peace, development, and cooperation."

Shloka Mittal (Head of UN DESA):

"In our pursuit of sustainable development, we must ensure that economic growth translates into social equity. Together, we can build a world where prosperity is shared, and no one is left behind."

Lt. Gen. Pravansh Raghuvanshi (UN Trusteeship Council Member):

"Our experiences have taught us the importance of governance rooted in justice and accountability. As we oversee trust territories, our guiding principle will be the empowerment of their people."

Dr. Lakshay Patel (Director-General of WHO):

"Health is a universal right, not a privilege. At WHO, our mission will be to bridge disparities and ensure that every individual has access to quality healthcare."

Dual Roles and Responsibilities:

- **Navdeep:**
 - Chief Minister of Niutda
 - Deputy Prime Minister of India
 - Secretary-General of the United Nations
- **Shloka Mittal:**
 - Urban & Rural Housing Minister of India
 - Deputy Chief Minister of Niutda
 - Head of UN Department of Economic and Social Affairs
- **Lt. Gen. Pravansh Raghuvanshi:**

- o Chief of Army Staff of India
 - o Member of the UN Trusteeship Council
 - **Dr. Lakshay Patel:**
 - o Director-General of the World Health Organization
-

Closing Scene:

The Indian delegation stands united on the global stage, symbolizing the nation's ascent in international affairs. Their journey from warriors to world leaders serves as an inspiration, heralding a new era of global collaboration and leadership.